

pastors will see to making up the amount. (Remember if you are saved you are saved to serve.) The blessing of God be with you all.

WALTER CLARK.

Communion Notice

The Brethren of Sergeantsville will hold their communion service on the eve of Oct. 7. Preparatory service at 10:30 A. M. Evening service to begin at 6 P. M. All of like precious faith are welcome and a special invitation is extended to the Philadelphia and Allentown congregations to be with us.

EUGENE H. SMITH, Pastor.

From Glasgow to Ashland

Closing our business in England, we spent a couple days with our brother (in the church) William Patterson near Glasgow. During our short stay here Brother Patterson took us for a sail on beautiful Loch Lomond, the queen of Scottish lakes. We rode up the lake as far as the large mountain known as Ben Lomond and landed at a town called TARBET. We then were among the beautiful Highlands of Scotland whose beauty was then increased by their sides being covered with heather in full bloom. Climbing to the top of a large mountain, we plucked some beautiful sprigs of heather and after carefully viewing the lake, mountains and other surroundings we proceeded homeward over the most picturesque route in Scotland, the West Highland Railway. Brother Patterson took us to Glasgow the next day. This being his home, he was an excellent guide and guided us to many places of beauty, interest and importance. Among them being the Cathedral, University, City Park and Exhibition grounds for 1901.

Bidding our friends good bye, we boarded the S. S. Lakonia in Glasgow August 18 and sailed for Montreal. Every thing bid fair to a safe and pleasant passage home and the result was a most delightful voyage all the way. On our outward voyage the great boundless, heaving Atlantic showed forth its fury and dreariness but on our homeward voyage it showed forth its sublimity and cheerfulness. Just one week after we left Glasgow we sighted and sailed along the shore of Newfoundland, and another day's sail landed us in the harbor at Sydney on Cape Breton Island, just off the mainland of Nova Scotia, when we took on coal enough to run the ship to Montreal and back to Glasgow. We landed at Sydney and wrote a few lines to loved ones at home informing them of our safe passage home and thus relieving them from the suspense they were in on our account. Boarding the S. S. again after it had sufficient coal we sailed for Montreal, three days away. We sighted some beautiful islands in the St. Lawrence Gulf and after a day's sail we had land on one side of us all the time. Upon sighting the mainland for the first time, we could not help singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," etc. We sang it with a far greater appreciation than ever before and since we are safe at home we find that singing our national songs means ten fold more to us now than ever before. The second day from Sydney brought us up the river a sufficient distance to see land on both sides of us which we did not lose sight of the remainder of the voyage. There is as great a variety of scenery and beauty on the banks of the St. Lawrence as almost any one could wish to see. Quebec was of especial interest to us. We took particular notice of the "Plains of Abraham" where Gen. Wolf long since defeated the gallant French general Montcalm. We also tried to locate the place that Wolf led his army up the great mountainside. Much could be said of beautiful Quebec but time and space will not permit. Suffice it to say it is a most picturesque place. Friday P. M. August 31 we landed safely in Montreal. The city is beautifully located and is overlooked by a high mountain whose summit may be reached by an incline railway. Having a few hours before train time we went to the mountain top and had an excellent view of the city which appears to be one of unusual activity.

Among the places of interest passed from Montreal to Ashland are; Lake Ontario, Toronto, Canada,

Niagara Falls, Buffalo where we viewed the Exposition grounds and Chautauqua Lake.

Since our arrival at Ashland our family has returned from National Conference, in good health and we have decided that by God's help, after this rich experience we shall endeavor more firmly than ever before to live a purer, nobler, holier life and thus serve God best and our fellowmen most.

A. H. LIGHTY.

THE FRIEND THAT IS CLOSER THAN A BROTHER

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A shrewd but somewhat eccentric man says that he once "weeded out his friends" by hanging a scarlet flag with a notice of a selling out by auction from his front door. After this signal of apparent bankruptcy, he tells us that the number of his visitors fell off amazingly, and he had no need of any extra leaves of his dinner table for some time afterward. His fair-weather friends all deserted him; and by this shrewd device he found out who were the genuine article. When a granary is full of corn, there are plenty of mice; when the corn has gone, the mice disappear with it. Success and prosperity win friends in abundance; adversity tests them; and the net result is not very creditable to poor, selfish human nature. The summer swallows that chirp in my chimney all vanish at the first blast of winter.

It would be a wise thing to "weed out" a great many people from the list of intimates. Cut out all the smooth-tongued flatterers who always applaud everything you do, and who always tell you that you are about right. Solomon tells us that a flattering mouth worketh ruin, and that he who flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet. Honest old Paul accompanies his sharp rebukes to his Galatian brethren by the question: "Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth?" About the best evidence that any friend can give me of his staunch affection is to tell me to my face that I am wrong.

Weed out also unsparingly all that class of pliant, limber, mucilaginous friends who always leave you weaker in moral purposes after you have been with them. Sin is catching, like certain contagious diseases. The worst sort of malaria that we can contract is from the associates who weaken our consciences, lower our moral tone, and slyly infuse the poison of their lax views into our blood. Many a young man has been ruined by just such associates; they suck the very life out of him before he is aware, and he yields readily to temptation. "Save me from my friends" is a petition that should be offered much oftener than "save me from my enemies"; for a bad friend will mix poison with the honey he gives you, while your enemy may thrust a great deal of wholesome truth into you at the point of the bayonet.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament, among its many other rich improvements and corrections, gives entirely a new reading of the last verse of the twentieth chapter of Proverbs. The old rendering "a

man that hath friends must show himself friendly" is very tame in meaning, and is a false translation of the original. It is taken from the Vulgate, and not from the Hebrew text. The right rendering is: "He that maketh friends doeth it to his own destruction; but there is a lover that sticketh closer than a brother." The idea is that if you take up with every sort of friend, and try to be on good terms with everybody, you will pay dearly for it. One will corrupt you by his bad example; another will tempt you to extravagance; another will betray your confidence, and in trying not to offend your friends, you will offend against your own conscience and against God. A marvelous book is the Bible; it shoots its ray of light on every footstep in life.

This passage, when lightly read, is capable of a glorious spiritual rendering. It contains the essence of the Gospel as in a precious phial. For when our poor, weak, temptable hearts listen to the noisy criers of this world, and are drawn to purchase their wares and to taste their sinful pleasures, and to be on good terms with them, we do it to our own grievous injury. Who-soever will be a "friend of the world is the enemy of God." But there is a LOVER who sticketh closer than a brother. "All lovers, blush when ye stand beside Christ," exclaims grand old Samuel Rutherford in one of his seraphic bursts: "Woe upon all love but the love of Christ! Hunger forevermore be upon all Heaven but Christ; shame forevermore be upon all but Christ's glory. I cry death, death be upon all manner of life but the life of Christ. Let this world be the portion of fools. It is but a shadow; within less than fifty years when you look back to it, you will laugh at the vanishing vanities thereof as feathers flying in the air, and as the houses of sand within the seamount which children are building."

Jesus Christ has every requisite which you and I need or should desire in a Friend. At the bottom of all His devotion to us lies His infinite love. Turn to that matchless story of pathos and sublimity which never loses its sweetness, and read how He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, how He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, how He bore our sins in His own bleeding body upon the cross, and then cry out: Oh! the depth and the breadth and the height of such a love as that! It is very easy to love attractive people; but Jesus loved us on account of our very guilt and wretchedness. He loves us all the more, too, because He died for us. If you or I perish, the loss will be more to our divine Shepherd than even to ourselves.

One test of fidelity in a friend is that he shall not be blind to our faults, or fail to reprove us for our sins. Mark how faithfully our Lord dealt with his disciples in holding up the mirror before them that they might see just what manner of persons they were. His rebukes were never discouraging; when he showed them their sins he showed also